

**Actors Sized Up by a Secret Tribunal...
Professional Jealousy...Notes at Rehearsal
...In the Storgroom.** **U U U U U**

"The Biograph-Photograph pictures were
 all," announced another director gleefully.
 "Yes?"
 "That lady's stepped in!"
 The head manager glances around as
 though he feared that his hearers might



THE PROPERTY CHILD.

"Our Mame, the Joy of the Johnnies," doesn't take at all in Troy.

"I can't see why New Yorkers think," repeats the Troy manager, "Mary don't take with the Troy people. It ain't that there is anything the matter with Mary; but they expected more. That is it."

"Don't they applaud?"

"Oh, they applaud all right, but I hear the remarks as they go out and the box office receipts I have fallen off."

Mary is calmly shoving along on the circuit to a less popular theater and the meeting continues—Mary, meanwhile, dreaming that her salary is to be raised and that the sign of electric letters spelling her name to Troy is to be enlarged so that it will cover the front of the house.

have gained a wrong impression and then says, in an Ocean Grove tone: "Personality, I saw no fault in the pictures, though they were a little—unconventional, perhaps. It would seem that a public wild could stand. Bernard Shaw might put up with the biograph, but sooner than feel that we have done harm to one American home we would rather lose money every day in the week."

This noble sentiment meets with profound bows of approval.

Would that the matinee hero could hear the next statement. His manager is asked to give an account of his performance.

"He gets a laugh every time he isn't expected to. His lovmaking is so vehement that the stage hands have to tie the

MRS. RUBBERINO
PLAYS SLEUTH

**She Sizes Up the New Tenants in
the Flat Below and Makes
a Discovery.**

Mrs. Rubberino, in the third floor front Harlem flat, heard sounds coming up the dumbwaiter shaft indicating that tenants were moving into the second floor front flat.

"H'm; that flat's taken at last," she mused. "Wonder what kind of people they are."

She walked over to the dumbwaiter shaft, opened the shaft door, and listened.

"They've got a small boy! I can hear him asking questions," she said to herself. "And a dog of some kind or another; I can hear the tinkling of the bells on his collar. I hope to goodness gracious sakes alive they've got no squalling babies."

She went closer to the dumbwaiter shaft.

"I've been hoping that the flat never would be taken while we were here," she went on, musing. "I don't know what we shall do if they have a horrid old rattly-trip tin-canmy piano. I wonder if there are any screechy young women taking vocal lessons in the family?"

The sound of the voice of the moving-in mistress of the flat below, giving directions to the movers, came up brokenly.

"That woman has a hard voice," thought Mrs. Rubberino. "Thank mercy, we won't have to know her! There's one thing to be thankful for, though. They'll get some of the worst kind of bugs from our flat. I just wish they'd get them all!"

The plaintive wail of an infant came up the shaft.

"I know it!" exclaimed Mrs. Rubberino to herself. "I just felt that they'd have a whole establishment of squawking young ones! What lumps! And I suppose that'll go on at all hours of the night!"

"I suppose they'll have the water turned on down there all the time, so that we'll never be able to get a bit up here to cook with or drink or anything else."

"I do hope the man doesn't drink and come up and phooring and ringing all the flat bells at all hours of the night!"

"I do hope that small boy of the family isn't learning the cornet or the flute. Gracious me, and the gas flow up here is weak enough as it is, and now that those horrid people have moved in down there I suppose we won't have enough light to see each other's faces by!"

"I wonder what rent they pay?" That flat isn't half as pretty as ours, but, being on the second floor, maybe—well, I don't know. It's differently arranged from ours—and let me see, their kitchen is right under our dining room, and we'll have the smell of their cooking all the time."

"Oh, I wonder what kind of furniture they've got."

Mrs. Rubberino went to one of the front windows of her flat. A big van was drawn

up at the curbstone below.

"Well, of all the dinky, cheap stuff!" murmured Mrs. Rubberino. "Oh, of course, they've got one or two pretty pieces—instance, the chairs, for those, I've no doubt."

"But just look at that old marble topped table! If that doesn't date back to the flood I don't know."

"I suppose they've got one of those mounted wax flower things, with a glass globe over it. And an aged French gilt clock, also with a glass globe over it."

"And a chrome picturing a little guy putting on spectacles, with 'I'm Grandma Now' printed under it. Well, of all the battered trunks! And with old pieces of rope around them!"

"What's the name on the end of that trunk, I wonder? I wish the man would spend it so I could see."

"And there's a typewriter. I wonder who uses the typewriter? Perhaps the man takes in typewriting work, and we'll hear that awful click-clicking in the middle of the night!"

Another big van pulled up to the curb.

"My, but they've got a sight of old junk!" Mrs. Rubberino went on musing. "Um—kitchen chairs. I saw some just like those the other day for \$6.00."

"Well, that's a neat little chiffonier, for my part. Now, I'd like to know where they got that. I'm going to make Rubberino get me a new chiffonier."

"Desk, too. I wonder if the man down there's going to set up an office or what?"

"My, look at that old horsehair sofa! Did you ever? I suppose she tells everybody it's an heirloom, and it looks it. Um—and a folding bed that looks like a spiritualistic cabinet!"

"I don't see any dishes—oh, yes, there. I can't see that barrel. I guess they can't be overburdened with Dresden or Limoges, packing their dishes in that old straw!"

"Mercy on us, how many saucepans have they got! One, two, three—I wonder if they're going to start a boarding house in a flat? I am just perfectly sure the smell of their awful cooking will come up your dumbwaiter shaft and drive us out of house and home. I wish they'll live in cabbage and fried onions!"

"Well, if that piano doesn't look as if it's hundred years old! I'll expect to hear them play 'The Black Hawk Waltz', 'Monastery Bells' and 'The Maiden's Prayer' on it just as soon as the men get it upstairs!"

"That's a nice lean back chair, though—green velour cover. I'm going to make Rubberino get me a new lean back chair. And what a really pretty cabinet! I'm going to make Rubberino get me a new cabinet at once."

"I wonder if she is stylish! Oh! well, I don't know—I guess I've got some clothes this fall that are for those. I'm from the hard pound all plains side of her! Her husband never dares to jaw her, so we'll be spared that, at any rate."

"But I'll pose if we as much as walk across the floor up here at night they'll be complaining to the janitor that we hold regular andian revels in this flat until 3 o'clock in

anxiety to make it keep it from falling over. He was confident, that's it. Confident."

The speaker takes up the man on the scared faces of his colleagues, who look as if he had said something improper, and hastily explains, in other words: "He takes the hit in his seat."

"Remind him that he is playing in refined surroundings and that it isn't necessary to clutch the leading lady as though she were a live snake," says the live manager.

"Reminding of the life of a steeplechase property manager," we have got all the hay for "Bottle Kate" drop-proof."

Some of the managers are inclined to take this as a joke, but find that they are hearing the simple truth:

"Every step of it is drop-proof," is exclaimed. "There is some talk about having the sign drop-proof too, but that is only talk."

"I must have a pair of eyes," announces a director.

"What a cheap old son! We can't get as cheap for what you can would not."

"But cheap isn't in the picture a little bit and eyes are, and you can't depend on New Yorkers not knowing the difference: half of them are farmers."

"That's true. Give 'em eyes. What's this I hear about the race-track scene in the Sporting Duchess?"

The manager, questioned, faces the situation boldly.

"The wrong horse wins every night. The jockeys say they can't help it, and the audience don't seem to notice as what's the difference?"

"Any betting on the racing stand going on behind the scenes?"

Here an interruption takes place, while a slip of paper is handed to each manager, with instructions to see that the order



LILLIAN RUSSELL RECALLS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE FOR LOSERS.

Rule for performers—Keeping off the stage during performance must be enforced more strictly.

Little did the pleased spectators of the Apple Sisters, when they gave a song and dance act, know that night after night a young man to whom they owed \$8 for telling through the pages of legitimate advertising

KITCHENETTES A FAILURE?

**DOOMED IN AT LEAST ONE HOTEL
THAT TRIED THEM.**

Playing at Housekeeping Said to Pall After a Time on Those Who Tried It
Weaknesses of the Plan Developed by Practical Experience—Substitutes.

"Kitchenettes may be all right as toys, but they have not proved a profitable investment for an apartment hotel," said a hotel clerk. "Two or three big apartment hotels which introduced them two years ago are now dropping them. One of these concerns sold out September 15 to a hotel manager, who has undertaken to make the property pay by virtually abolishing the kitchenette idea.

"The kitchenette idea looked fine on paper. Managers know that there are some people who will always cook in their rooms, even if they use a chafin dish, an electric heater or a gas stove placed in the bathroom.

"A great many people who live in smart two room apartments at apartment hotels smuggle food and drink into their rooms in spite of the positive rule that no cooking is allowed in rooms. The kitchenette idea was to provide such impecunious people with opportunities to do their surreptitious cooking conveniently and cheaply in a little room a trifle larger than a closet, fitted up with a gas stove and an icebox.

"These kitchenettes were adjuncts to the two and three room apartments such as one ordinarily finds in a first class modern apartment hotel. As a further convenience, the management of the hotel provided ice, and in the basement was a storeroom, from which one could order eggs, cream, rolls, cereals and other articles servicable for lunches and breakfasts. These could be ordered over the house telephone, delivered by uniformed bell boys at regular store prices and paid for monthly on one's hotel bill.

"The conveniences weren't expected to attract crowds, and for the first year the hotel that instituted this movement was opened nearly every apartment was rented. Then a couple of others imitated the scheme.

"But there were two weaknesses to the plan, and time alone developed them. First, the people who occupied these kitchenette apartments found it great fun for the first six months. But as there is no room for a servant the woman of the flat had to do all the cooking, and no matter how much one enjoys home cooking it becomes a labor when any woman to prepare meals three times a day and wash the dishes afterward.

"One couldn't hire a servant even if there was room for one, for the kitchenette apartments were rented at almost prohibitive rates, anyhow; and so after six months or so of playing at housekeeping most married couples who tried the scheme began to dine out and let their kitchenettes

get dusty.

the high rates demanded in these kitchenette hotels usually had so much money they didn't need to save the few cents accumulated by such strict economy. The cheapest of these apartments rented for \$1,000 a year, and that was only for two rooms, a bath and the kitchenette, and a rear apartment at that. The front apartment was rented from \$1,200 to \$1,500—a price for which one can get a fairly comfortable seven room flat and pay a servant.

"It was easy to see why a married couple, having existed for one year in such close quarters, doing their own work without a servant and paying a price for which they could get a big flat in another building, would decide not to renew the lease. At the end of the first year in one house I have in mind, many of the tenants left. Last winter many of the apartments were not taken at all.

"Another source of loss to the landlord was that some people who did remain in their apartments failed to patronize his public dining room, for paradoxical though it is, this hotel served elaborate meals to those who didn't care to do their own cooking. But the dining room receipts fluctuated.

"One could never rely on a certain number of people wanting dinner. One night tenants would do their own cooking. Next night they might want dinner downstairs. Hence there was a loss.

"Some tenants objected to butcher boys and grocer boys carrying lundies up the elevators to apartments. They didn't want their fashionable friends to think they lived in a cheap hotel. So the management prohibited the delivery of groceries except during stated hours, and this offended the tenants who did their own cooking.

"Small wonder, then, that by trying to run a house which would please two extremes, the hotel pleased neither. Showy people who like to dine out and had no use for their kitchenettes, except as playthings, moved to other apartment hotels which catered more to their tastes, while people who enjoyed tight housekeeping found they could get a two room for less money at other houses.

"After trying for two years to make one of these kitchenette hotels pay, one manager retired in disgust from business and has been succeeded by a practical hotel man whose aim seems to be to gradually abolish the kitchenettes. He has begun by letting the store room gradually dispose of its stock of provisions.

"Then he has opened a grill room where guests can get short orders of food at any hour, à la carte, in addition to the regular table d'hôte meals in his dining room. In the apartments there are no rented beds but a small box and the gas stove removed from the kitchenette, and the room papered and made into a small bedroom, which might appeal to some people more than the kitchenette."

SIDE LINES OF THE ACTORS

BY BUSINESS VENTURES SOME OF THEM GROW RICH.

The Late Sol Smith Russell, a Successful Real Estate Operator—Players Who Follow Farming—Hotel Keeping Actresses—Inventors on the Stage, Too

The businesslike actor is one of the newer features of the dramatic profession.

The late Sol Smith Russell left an uncommonly large fortune for an actor, and made it through his farseeing investments in real estate in the Western cities that liked him best. When he began to make his purchases his capital was small. As his earnings increased he was able to plunge, and eventually bought enough land to make him about the wealthiest member of the profession when the real estate began to rise in value.

Thomas Wise grows fine poultry at his farm up on the Harlem road and takes blue ribbons every year at the poultry shows. His poultry sells at high prices. Mr. Wise is thus one of the actors who can testify that farming does not always mean financial loss to an actor.

James Stoddard had a less successful experience when he tried a fruit farm out near Rahway. Daniel Bandman invested his earnings in Northwestern ranching property but his luck was not so good. He has been able to give up the profession altogether and live at ease.

Harmon J. Wolfe, who is a man of uncommonly fine physique, used to suffer from rheumatism, but was finally cured by a remedy he accidentally learned of. He then bought the right to the medicine and has since managed to sell it very profitably throughout the country.

Elsie de Wolfe is now a decorator as well as an actress, with some large orders on her hands. She has just gone to do the new home of the women's athletic club on Madison avenue called the Colony Club, and will provide every feature of the internal adornment from the curtains down to the sugar tongs. She has long been in this kind of work in addition to acting, and has bought and sold old furniture and decorations for some years.

Annie Irish is another actress who does not believe in keeping all her eggs in one basket. She has opened a lodging house for the members of her profession several years ago and conducts it successfully.

Sallie, sister of Fritz Williams, has for the last five years had a hat shop. May Irwin increased her earnings greatly through her judicious investments in real estate in New York. During her two years of retirement she was able to live very comfortably on her income from the rents of these properties.

There are a number of prosperous boarding houses in one of the Follies for several years past, and May Sallie, who was for so long popular at Daly's, managed a number of small restaurants, man-

great success after she decided to quit acting and invest her earnings in business.

Arthur Forrest is the lessee of a number of flats on the upper West Side, which he has furnished and rents at an advance rate. He has a large staff of waiters sufficient to yield him a good income.

George Clark was the manager of a block of flats in Harlem all the time he was acting at Daly's and his has combined the two professions. He has a staff of Joseph Wheelock used to make as much money out of the cottages he rented at Navesink Beach as he ever did out of his part in the play.

Once when Eddie Fox decided to clamber on to the water wagon, he had an opportunity to boom a Western mineral water and was given the job and received a regular salary for it.

Agnes Booth managed a hotel at Manchester-by-the-Sea for years and is still the proprietor of it. She has earned a fortune out of it. Charles Ross and his wife, Mabel Fenton, started a prosperous business when they opened their restaurant at the Hotel de Ville in New York.

Eugene O'Rourke, another actor, is so ravenous enough to make the same experiment in New York. He is building a restaurant in West Fort fourth street and will open it before long.

Both George Forester and Amelia Summerville, who reduced themselves when they got too fat, have since made money by selling their own fat. Forester sold it and did the trick; or that they said did the trick.

Among the singers there is the same business shrewdness. Mine, Semprich runs a restaurant in Berlin, Germany, and many of the most beautiful postal cards that come to this country are from her factory.

Thomas Sallagnac has a small fortune out of his cement factory in Paris. Thomas Sallagnac has a vineyard in southern France and turns out a *vin ordinaire* for which there is a large demand among his colleagues.

Aloys Burgstaller has a dairy in the Bavarian Tyrol and makes butter and cheese to sell in Munich markets.

Howard Hickey and Charles Stevenson are at any time late actors if he wants to, since he earns a comfortable income through his part in the play, and the United States of a certain brand of champagne.

Jameson Lee Finney is a silent partner in a Fifth avenue tailoring establishment and has a large fortune out of the schedule of prices that soars beyond the means of most purchasers.

George C. Boniface, who is acting in "The Pirates of Penzance" with his wife, family, and two principal stockholders in a company that sells an invention of Mrs. Boniface's. It is intended to keep fresh and cool milk for babies and is especially useful in traveling. It is a success in the large cities and yields a comfortable income to the owners.

A Close North Carolinian.

From the Washington Post.

"I knew an old fellow down in North Carolina, who was a very old citizen," said N. T. Turner of Wilmington.

"He was a well to do farmer, but his meanness was proverbial. One of his customs was to have breakfast before it was daylight in order to get his hands out to the fields by the dawn of day. When the breakfast was put on the table a solitary candle gave the only illumination, and even this was but for a season. You all see where the victuals were consumed. The wife, family, and, puff, puff, went the flickering candle. It was an extravagance in his eyes to waste so much light, and he would have been so easily feel how to help themselves.